Doubled Teams On Him.

H. W. Reynolds, editor of the Daily Sun, Holly Springs, Miss., was assaulted and knocked down by Tom Sigman on the morning of the 23rd, and that afternoon was assaulted and beaten nearly to death, by Jule J. Sigman, a saloon keeper, and E. J. Wilkerson, while Preston Font, the son of the mayor of the town, stood by guarding the door and seeing it well laid on. It seems that Mr. Reynolds offence had been the expressing himself against the whiskey traffic rather too freely to suit the vices of the aforesaid gentlemen.

A Monster of the Deep.

The largest ironclad vessel ever constructed is the Trafagar recently launched at Portsmouth dockyards. She is capable of carrying 11,940 tons, and is of 12000 horse power. She is to carry 12 guns, four of 67 tons and eight of 40 cwt. Her side armour is twenty inches thick.

JOHN STEWART, of Clinch county, Ga., says he met a panther in the Okefinokee swamp, but saved his life by pretending that he was dead. The beast was not hungry, so it covered him over with leaves and left him. Stewart did not wait to see whether it would come back.—*Springfield Record.*

We don't mean to be understood as at all questioning Brother Thomas' veracity; that is beyond all question; but if it would not be too much trouble to Mr. John Stewart, of Clinch county, Ga., to produce them, a good many people would like to see the papers on that panther story.

All reports confirm the character of Kentucky as still "the dark and bloody battle ground."

AN OCEAN RACE.

In the spring of '85 or '86, I forget which now, I was mate of the schooner Willington 279 tons register, in the Bermuda trade. At that time our vessel was comparatively new having only been in commission about a year and was considerably ahead of anything else in that trade in the way of speed. We had a first rate captain and a good crew, whose personnel was superior to the majority of coaster crews; also we were better manned for our size than most of those vessels are, and our owners were liberal in everything conducive to the comfort of the men. The Willington had the record of the fastest passage from Bermuda, and we were all proud of our beautiful schooner.

During the winter sundry rumors were afloat of a vessel building in Boston for a rival firm of produce dealers, of about our tonnage, and, as it was supposed, she was to be put on the line at the opening of the season of which I am writing.

On arriving at New York from our first trip of the year, we heard that the Invincible (for so had her owners named her) had arrived from Boston, been put in commission and cleared for Bermuda the day previous. She was apparently a beauty and our captain was very anxious to try conclusions with her, but somehow it seemed a difficult matter to get a trial, and during the busy season all rivalry had to give way to the pressure of business.

However, patient waiting was at length rewarded, and, one day after we had finished unloading and were awaiting orders, the skipper came aboard with his weather beaten face all aglow with excitement. "We've got a chance to show our mettle at last, Joe," he said, as he joined me on the deck. "Smith & Co. (our owners) have heard a good deal of blowing about that new craft and asked my advice about putting up $1,000 or $2,000 on the Willington. I told them that I had not tried her against the Invincible at all yet, but, from what I had seen of the latter, I thought we could win his money for him. Anyway we would try mighty hard. So he has taken a bet of Brown's (the Invincible's owner) of $2,500 for a race from our pier, around Bermuda and back, the start to take place a week today."

This was short notice to prepare for a race with a vessel just off the stocks and clean below the water as a new pin. Nevertheless, we set to work with a will, and that very evening had her hauled up and a gang of men cleaning her bottom, the crew, under my directions, seeing to her rigging and spars.

Monday was the day fixed for the start, and on Saturday at noon we tied up at Smith's pier ready and anxious for Monday to come.

A good twenty-four hours' rest after the exertions of the week prepared the crew for anything, and on the call for "all hands" in the morning as fine and sailor like looking lot of men trod the deck as ever manned a coaster of our tonnage.

The start was to be by a powder flash from opposite our pier in the North river at 10 o'clock a. m., so as to get the ebb tide through the Narrows. By 9:30 both vessels were maneuvering about the line for a start, standing back and forth across the river under all their canvas, the breeze being of fair strength from the south. The Invincible was a beautiful craft to look at, and I had my doubts as to our victory (for win we must) being an easy one as I watched the way she plowed through the smalit waters, although not being sailed full half the time.

Our skipper stood near the helm, watch in hand, the rest of the crew being at their posts, ready for the beat down the upper bay and through the Narrows.

At precisely thirty seconds before 10 our captain again measured with his eye our distance above the line, replaced his watch in his pocket and gave orders for the start: "Stand by to haul your wind—luff you may, now—flatten all sheets fore and aft," and, as the helm was put down and sheets hauled in, the good schooner Willington came up to the wind in beautiful style and lay over at an angle that showed she meant business as she headed for the line on the starboard tack. "Keep her full, now," roared the skipper, "another pull on that fore sheet—so, that will do," and as a cloud of smoke rose from the end of the pier, showing that time was up, we dashed over the line ahead of our rival, who crossed on the port tack several seconds later. Down the upper bay we sped, keeping almost tack and tack, through the Narrows, past Forts Hamilton and Lafayette and out into the waters of the lower bay. Then a breeze from the east brought the wind abeam, sheets were started, and, with the Invincible a couple of cable's lengths astern and to windward, we reached down for Sandy Hook. The buoys inside the Hook were rounded soon after 1 o'clock p. m., and we settled down for a beat out to the lightship. That was rounded in due order, and with a fresh breeze blowing east by north the two schooners were headed, close hauled on the port tack, on a southeast course for Bermuda, and the race had fairly begun. Our position was now about three-quarters of a mile to leeward of the other craft, which gain she had made in the beat out to the lightship, we having almost lost the wind when under the Hook. There was a choppy sea on, the increasing wind crossing the long Atlantic swell and kicking up considerable of a pother, and once clear of land, and at the mercy of the "rolling forties," the schooner began to get pretty lively. The sky had become overcast, the clouds seemed to be getting lower, and the wind increased as it gradually headed us off, and it began to assume the appearance of what would now be called "cutter weather."

I was watching the other vessel through a glass when I saw her luff and come up in the wind. "She's taking in her tops'ls," I shouted, and when she fell off and again headed on her course it was under mains'l, and fores'l and the jib only, and even then seemed to have all the sail she wanted.

And, indeed, it was high time we were doing something, too, for our skipper was driving his vessel beyond what I thought advisable, and I expected something to go every moment. She lay over at a fearful angle, the water to leeward hissing and bubbling along her rail, while clouds of spray broke continually over the forecastle, varied occasionally by a huge wave flooding her deck fore and aft. The crew, with the exception of a couple of hands at the wheel, were crouching under the weather bulwarks, every one of them wet to the skin, when at length the expected order came: "Stand by to take in your gaff tops'ls and outer jibs, helm-a-lee, get them stowed smartly, now," and hardly were sheets slacked off and halliards manned, ere at a sign from the captain, the helm was put up and we were again tearing through the surges while the light canvas was being stowed. This eased her considerably for a time, but by sundown it was blowing half a gale while we plowed the whitecaps in grand style under a couple of reefs in main and fores'ls, our goal bearing about three points to windward of the best course we could lie. Before night closed in I took another squint at the other vessel and had the satisfaction of seeing that we had weathered on her some and were also gradually drawing ahead. The view around us was superbly grand, but things were rather too lively for any one but a seaman to enjoy it. The wind was blowing half a gale—good creepers—the whole surface of the seething waters had that opaque, gray tint which the froth and bubbles of a heavy blow always give. Monstrous seas rose and fell and rose again, their tops torn to shreds as they broke into foam and spray under the fury of the gale, while the schooner, under her shortened canvas, was pitching in a way to make a landsman's hair stand on end as one moment her sharp stem split a huge wave in twain, her forefoot the next moment suspended clear of the water over the succeeding trough of the sea as her stern sank deep in the embrace of the divided wave.

As darkness came over the scene our last sight of the Invincible showed that we were at least holding our own, and, it being my watch below, I turned in, after changing my wringing wet clothes, to make the most of what bid fair to be only a short rest.

I was awakened by the hoarse shout of "all hands on deck," and tumbled up in a hurry to find the wind abating and the crew busy shaking out the reefs in the fore and mains'ls. It being nearly my time to take charge the skipper went below, while I walked the deck in command, occasionally stopping to glance at the compass to see how we kept our course. About midnight we got the gaff and jib tops'ls on her and before the captain again appeared we had the flying jib set as well.

By daylight it was only blowing a gentle breeze, but the swell was still heavy, and as the schooner had all sail set, including a maintop mast stays'l, all that could be done was to watch and wait. It is needless to tell that, as daylight broke over the still heaving surface of the ocean, every eye aboard the vessel was eagerly searching the expanse of water for a sight of our competitor, but, from the deck, there was not a sail in sight. A hand sent aloft to the fore cross trees hailed the deck with the news of a bark off the port beam, heading to the northwest, but that was all. Speculation was rife as to the whereabouts of the other craft, the generally accepted theory of her absence from view being that she must have laid to to weather out the gale and that we had consequently run her out of sight. This idea imparted a pleasurable feeling to every one on board, as each one of us had the promise of a liberal share of the winnings in case of crossing the line first—this being an offer of our owners as an inducement to the crew—besides the natural desire to win against a crack new boat.

The remainder of our run to and around Bermuda was uneventful, light winds prevailing all the way, and our course was laid for New York with the expectation of meeting the other craft on her outward journey. But no Invincible did we see, and on the early morning of the ninth day out Sandy Hook light was sighted. By noon we were running up the lower bay under a light, baffling breeze, shifting from east to east southeast and anxiously scanning every schooner in sight, but nothing was seen of the beautiful craft for which we looked. We reported at the finish and found that we had won our money, as the other vessel was not yet in, and right well were we satisfied with the race.

When did the Invincible arrive? some one asks. She was never heard of again. Whether she struck a floating wreck, or whether thrown on her beam ends and foundered, or sprung a leak under the pressure of the gale of the first day and night, has not, nor never will be known. Her fate is one of those mysteries in which the life of a mariner abounds, and, until the sea gives up its dead, naught will never be known of the crew who manned the good schooner Invincible in her ill fated race with the now old and weather beaten coaster Willington.—Carl Torp in Detroit Free Press.

A CELESTIAL SIGN.

THE NATURE OF CHINESE MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATIONS.

Results of an Inquiring Reporter's Investigations—A Chinaman's Explanation—The Detectives' Account by No Means Complimentary.

Patrons of the Clay street cable line, which passes through Chinatown, have marveled much at the possible meaning of a good English sign swung boldly to the sight of all men from the third story of a building on the south side of Clay street, a short distance east of Stockton. It is resplendent with gilt lettering and gracefully draped with red cloth. It appears bold and businesslike. It reads: "Jog Lum Sen Fong, Chinese Mutual Aid Association." These words have a ring to them that is especially pleasing to the ear of an American. They sound modern. They suggest an institution possible only to modern conditions of trade—the mutual benefit association, the most recent and as yet unfinished institution of our democratic freedom. But, above all, it is gratifying to our race pride to think that the belated son of the Orient has observed in our keeping something else that he must perforce copy.

A reporter entered the hallways of the customary Chinatown rookery, climbed three flights of narrow, dirty and dark stairs, and making his way through an unpainted, unplaned redwood door, found himself in a Chinese business office. The Joss was there, squatted in his tinsel altar begrimed with punk smoke and hog fat. Facing this divinity there was the usual low platform, softly carpeted. Upon this sat, in true Oriental fashion, three cross legged Chinamen smoking their tobacco through long tin cans filled with water.

"What you want?" said one of them.

The object of the visit was stated.

"He no sabee. No talkee English," was the quick, suspicious response; and the three Celestials became as mute as the little mustached gods in front of them. They smoked on, totally oblivious of the stranger's presence, and after a glance at the semi-barbarism about him, he left the room.

A MORE PRETENTIOUS SIGN.

On his way down Clay street a still more pretentious sign attracted his attention. It was swung from the top of a building on Waverly place, and bore the words, "Chinese and American Mutual Protective Association." Again the stairway was threaded, and an apartment similar to the one just described was found on the top floor. But there appeared to be no one present. The little god sitting on his heels and peering out through a cloud of incense smoke was alone. Presently, however, a confused hobbling was heard in one of the dingy passageways that led from the room, and a Celestial made his appearance. Guiding himself by the wall, he neared the altar, and then, turning to the visitor, revealed the fact that he was stone blind.

The usual question, "What you want?" was asked and answered, and then the Chinaman, after explaining that he saw nothing but only heard, explained in very fair English the purposes of the society. He said, in effect, that it was closely modeled after the American pattern. The members pay so much per month, in this case $1, and in return get all the benefits that co-operation can afford. If they become sick they are sent to a Chinese doctor's medical establishment and their expenses paid; if, through advancing age or loss of health, they are no longer able to earn their living in this country, their fare back to China is paid; if found poor on the streets, they are taken to the home of the association and fed and clothed; if out of work, they seek it through the aid of the society. The blind informant stated that every week the office receives letters from the country calling for laborers; and then, when a member breathes his last, the society sees to it that his bones are in due time shipped to the lands of his fathers.

ASTONISHING INFORMATION.

Further inquiry among the denizens of Chinatown elicited further astonishing information. A well to do merchant said that during a few years past these societies had sprung up like mushrooms in a warm cellar. Fifteen years ago there were but two or three; now there are between twenty-five and thirty, and almost the entire population of Chinatown is numbered on their rolls. Some contain as many as a thousand members; the "Chinese and American," above spoken of, enrolls over 600. The dues are in some cases light, in others heavy, according to the benefits conferred. Some of the societies had even gone so far as to set up a simple system of mutual life insurance, the amount of the insurance payable to any one whom the insured should designate. Upon careful questioning several Chinamen were found to admit that a number of these societies went further still—that they guarantee to shield their members against encroachments of American justice. Bail is furnished for offenders under arrest, and counsel fees are paid. The merchants questioned were careful to insist that the merchant class as a rule did not belong to the societies; that they were particularly popular among country laborers and those subjected to the vicissitudes of fortune.

"How perfect an application of the adage, 'In union there is strength,'" thought the reporter. "Here is a semi-barbarous people, from a land where co-operation and mutual help is totally unknown beyond the narrow limits of the family relation, and yet in this country they place their dependence upon one another in health as in sickness, in misfortune, in crime, and in death. They have done more than borrow—they have perfected."

A little further on the reporter met Detectives Cox and Glennon, the well known Chinatown detectives. In conversation with these gentlemen the fine spun stories of the Chinamen, one after another, collapsed and disappeared. According to the account of the detectives, these societies are nothing more than clubs of highbinders, who make a living by extorting blackmail from the law abiding portion of Chinatown. They do as a fact include in their membership the great majority of Chinamen, but it is only because they find it cheaper to pay the fees demanded of them than to suffer the continual incursions of the highbinder fraternity.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Brevity Is Eloquent.

Two ladies are talking on a Woodward avenue street car.

"I have just received a letter from my brother in Texas, and he says they had a cyclone there on the 18th."

"Had!"

"Yes. It blew down fences and unroofed houses."

"Did!"

"He says he'll be home in the fall."

"Does!"

"He's named their new baby after me."

"Has!"

"Where do you get out!"

"Here!"

"I ride a block further. When will you come and see me!"

"Soon."—Detroit Free Press.

Don't Like Their Own Medicine.

The Legislature of Ohio passed an act abolishing the system of separate schools for whites and blacks. An attempt to enforce the act by compelling the reception of colored pupils in white schools, caused a vigorous kick in some places, and at Yellow Springs the school board ordered the schools closed indefinitely rather than submit to amalgamation. There was no necessity for the law as under the former system colored pupils got all of the advantages equally with whites. The law was passed by a Republican Legislature to secure the colored vote. The result proved that the average Buckeye Republican does not relish amalgamation in the public schools any better than the Democrat. Meantime what are such patriots as Foraker and farmer John Sherman going to do about it? Things do seem to be working most "demmition" contrary for the Grand Old Party just now, indeed they do. Gov. Foraker or John Sherman, agriculturists, will have to go down there with a good long party whip and make refractory Republicans tumble to the racket.

Cholera in New York.

The Italian vessel Alesia arrived at the quarrantine station off New York city on the 23rd inst., with four cases of Asiatic cholera on board. The ship was at once ordered to the lower bay, the sick were conveyed to the hospitals on Swinburn's Island, and the remainder of the 561 steerage passengers and the cabin passengers and the crew were also transferred to Hoffman's Island. The New York doctors say there is no danger of a spread of the disease at this late stage.

On Wednesday of last week a young man named Joseph Johnston 25 years of age was killed near Cumberland Furnace by an avalanche of dirt ore and rock caving in on him. J. W. Dean who was on the top of the dirt, went down with it into the excavation, but fortunately escaped unhurt.

MR. HENRY D. WALLACE, a popular young business man of Hopkinsville, Ky., was married on Tuesday last at 9 o'clock p. m., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. C. Campbell, in Hopkinsville, Ky., to Miss Nancy C. Campbell, an accomplished and lovely young lady.

THERE are sixty-three thousand shade trees in Washington. Perhaps this is why so many shady transactions occur in the capital.—*Olion Democrat.*

This is the reason why so many members of Congress have been shady on the Prohibition question.

THE license of Rev. Wm. M. Killebrew, Baptist Minister, of Ready Springs, Dublin, Ga. has been revoked because he has deserted his wife and children, tried to marry another woman, and acted the fraud generally.

BALTIMORE has a bigamist 23 years old who has five living wives. He seems to be going it while he is young. He ought to emigrate to Utah.